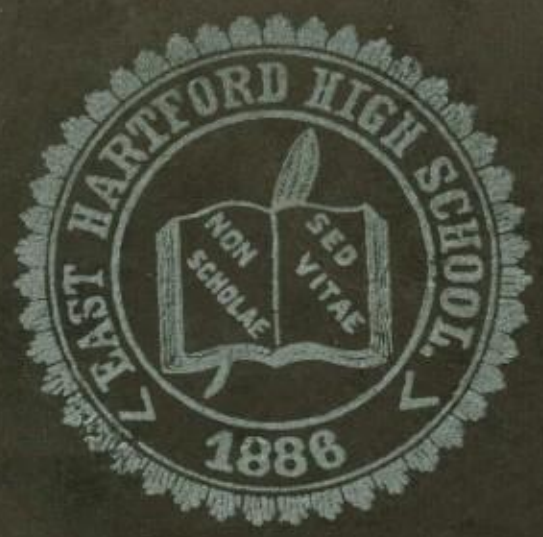
THE JANUS



1929

THE

JANUS

Published by

SENIOR CLASS

of

January 1929

EAST HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL
East Hartford, Connecticut

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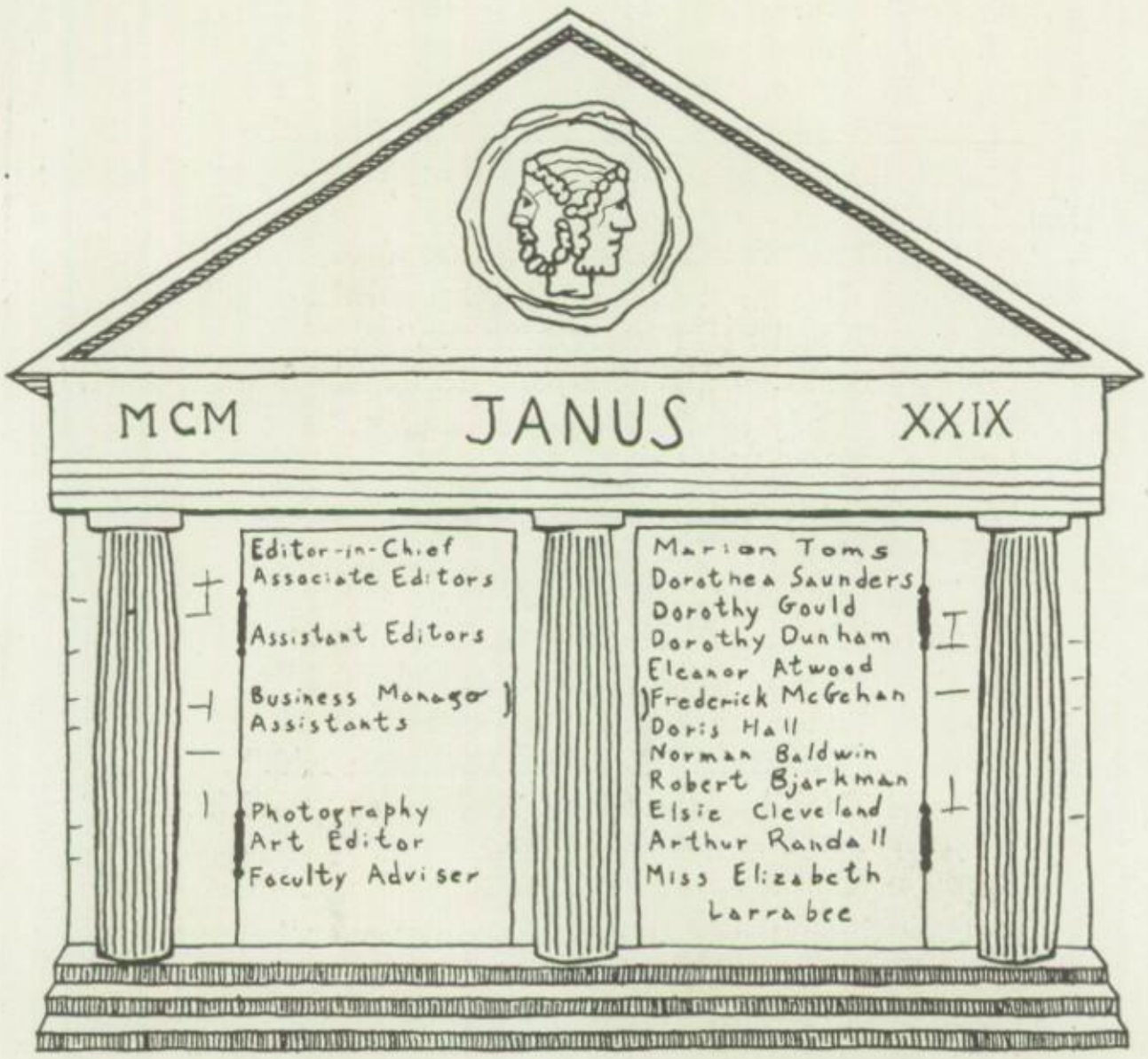
MISS WENONA SHATTUCK

To Miss Wenona L. Shattuck in appreciation of her untiring efforts in behalf of our class, we, the January Class of 1929, sincerely dedicate this book.


MCM
JANUS
XXIX
Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editors
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Faculty Adviser
Marion Toms
Dorothea Saunders
Dorothy Gould
Dorothy Dunham
Eleanor Atwood
Frederick McGehan
Doris Hall
Norman Baldwin
Robert Bjarkman
Elsie Cleveland
Arthur Randall
Miss Elizabeth Larrabee

CAN YOU IMAGINE!

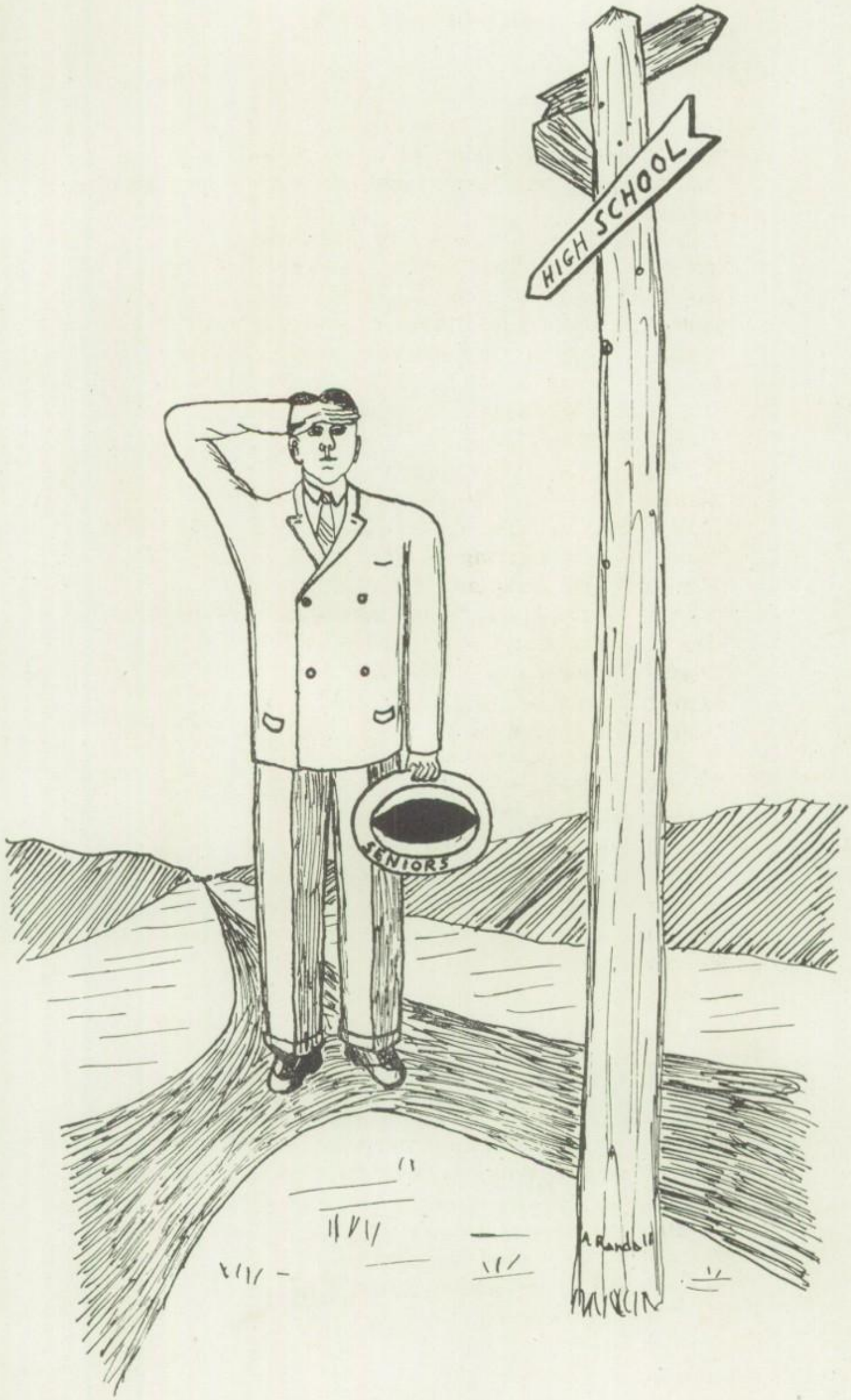
Eleanor Atwood as "Tille the Toiler."
"Baldy" Baldwin as "Beau Broadway."
"Dot" Bantle as "The Show Girl."
"Phil" Burnham as "The Son of the Shiek."
"Lou" Busher and "Ann Gagliardi" as "Our Dancing Daughters."
"Edie" Clark as "The Angel of Broadway."
"Tricks" Cleveland as "A Most Immoral Lady."
"Roge" Dubiel as "Flaming Youth."
"DoDo" Dunham and "Mayon" Toms as "Show People."
"Mickey" Fody as "A Parisian Flapper."
"Speedy" Gioielli as "The Music Master."
"Dot" Gould starring in "It's Naughty but it's Nice."
"Dotsy" Hall as "Ramona."
"Alf" Jarman as "Don Juan."
"Jimmie" Lane as "The Mysterious Woman."
"Balky" May as "The Patent-Leather Kid."
"Babe" Martin starring in "Slide, Kelley, Slide."
"Wrecker" McGehan as "The Michigan Kid."
"Flossie" Moulton and "Edie" Strong as "We Moderns."
"Dot" Nielsen starring in "Red Head."
"Percy" Peresluha as "The Shiek."
Arthur Randall as "Our Cardboard Lover."
"Angie" Rival starring in "Stocks and Blondes."
"Dot" Saunders as "Helen of Troy."
"WeeWee" Scribner starring in "Hold 'em Yale."
Everett Sellew as "The Terror."
"Franny" Schultz as "The Actress."
"Lenie" Smagliotis as "The Cheerleader."
"Casey" Stangle as "The Student Prince."
The Class of '29 as "The Legion of the Condemned."
Chapman Street as "The Street of Sin."
East Hartford High School as our "Four Walls."

ANNETTE GAGLIARDI.

Tune: Jeanne

Goodbye our class of twenty-nine;
Goodbye to you all class-mates mine
To-night we sing our praise of East Hartford High
And words to ring-out sad, and you hear us sigh;
Goodbye our class of twenty-nine;
We will return to you sometime,
For you and I, our school-days will never die;
Goodbye our class of twenty-nine.

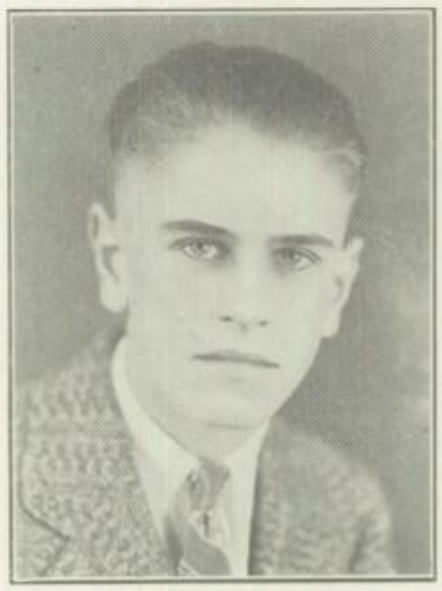
ARTHUR MARTIN.


HIGH SCHOOL
SENIORS

ELEANOR ATWOOD
"El"

"I live a charmed life."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Class Representative. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Commercial Club, Typing Award 30 Words. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, 40-50 Typing Awards, Class History, Janus Board, Candy Counter.



NORMAN BALDWIN
"Baldy"

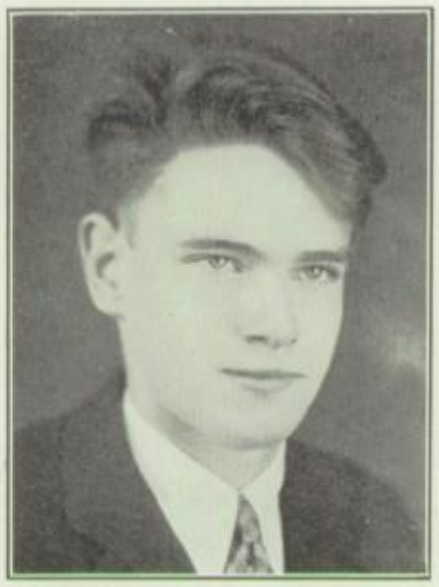
"He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued 'round about him."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A. (3) S. A. A., New Era Board, Hi-Y. (4) S. A. A., New Era Board, Hi-Y, Janus Board, Cake Sale Committee.

DOROTHY BANTLE
"Dot"

"Really and truly, I've nothing to wear."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., Class President, As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Hiking Club. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Class Night Committee.



PHILIP BURNHAM
"Phil"

"Most men are bad, I am an exception."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Class Secretary. (3) S. A. A., Class President. (4) S. A. A., Vice President of Class.

E. LOUISA BUSHER
"Lou"

"Love me little, love me long."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Glee Club. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Vice President of Girl Reserves, Class Representative. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Class Motto, Color and Flower Committee, Class Night Speaker, Janus Board.

EDITH CLARK
"Edie"

"These delights if you can't give,
Mirth, with thee I choose to live."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It, Operetta. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Hiking Club. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Hiking Club. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Girl Reserves.

Edith E. Clark.

ELISE CLEVELAND
"Tricks"

"I's wicked I is. I's mighty wicked, any how I can't help it."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It, Dramatics. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Glee Club. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Girl Reserves, Hiking Club, Basketball. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Girl Reserves, Vice President of Hiking Club, Basketball, Janus Board, Class Poet, Class Night Speaker.

ROGER DUBIEL
"Roge"

"There's a good time coming, boys!
A good time coming."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A. (3) S. A. A., Glee Club, Contest, Football. (4) S. A. A.

Roger A. Dubiel

DOROTHY DUNHAM
"DoDo"

"We love her for her smile—her look
Her way of speaking gently."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., Commercial Club. (3) S. A. A., Glee Club, A. G. E., Girl Reserves, Orchestra. (4) S. A. A., New Era Board, A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, 40-50 Typing Awards, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, Girl Reserves, Orchestra, String Quartet, Class Night Speaker

ANNA FODY
"Mickey"

"Laugh and grow fat."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Girl Reserves, 40-50 Typing Awards, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards.

ANNETTE GAGLIARDI
"Ann"

"She is as sportive as a fawn."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Glee Club, Concert. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Girl Reserves, Class Representative. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Girl Reserves, Class Night Speaker.

Annette Gagliardi

FRANK GIOIELLI
"Speedy"

"It is a hard and severe thing to be a true politician."

(1) S. A. A., Orchestra, Representative. (2) S. A. A., Orchestra. (3) S. A. A., Orchestra, Glee Club, Contest. (4) S. A. A., Orchestra.

Frank W. Gioielli

DOROTHY GOULD
"Dottie"

"Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Dorothy."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It, Class Representative. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Class Representative, Glee Club, Concert, President of Class, Sophomore Hop Committee. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Hiking Club, Vice President of Class, Dramatics, Junior Prom Committee, Girl Reserves. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, President of Girl Reserves, Committee for Class Motto and Color, Senior Cake Sale Committee, Ways and Means Committee, Janus Board, Class Night Committee, Salutatorian.

DORIS HALL
"Dotsy"

"Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Hiking Club. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Debating, Girl Reserves, Glee Club, Concert. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Debating, Girl Reserves, Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Janus Board.

ELFORD JARMAN
"Alf"

"And all I ask is a merry yarn from a jolly fellow rover."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Representative. (3) S. A. A., Class Treasurer. (4) S. A. A.

HELEN LANE
"Jimmie"

"She is the very flower of youth."

(2) As I Like It. (3) S. A. A. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E.

ARTHUR MARTIN
"Babe"

"Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly mediate the thankless muse?"

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Baseball. (3 S. A. A., Baseball. (4) S. A. A., Baseball.

JOHN MAY
"Balky"

"I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Football, Baseball. (3) S. A. A., Football, Baseball, Basketball. (4) S. A. A., Football, Baseball, Basketball.

FREDERICK McGEHAN
"Wrecker"

"He has a way with the women."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A. (3) S. A. A., Football, Class Representative. (4) S. A. A., Football, Debating, Class Representative, Janus Board.

FLORENCE MOULTON
"Flossie"

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Commercial Club, Basketball. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest.

DOROTHY NIELSEN
"Dot"

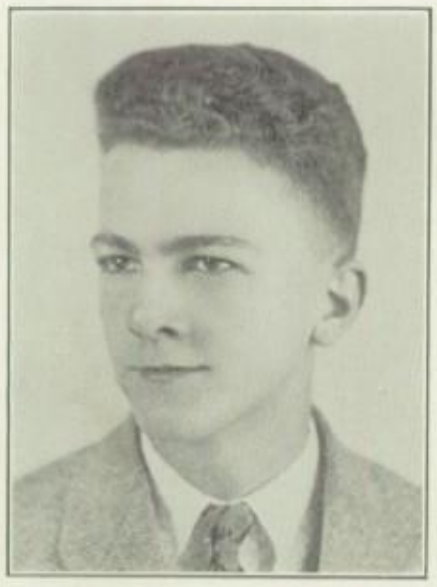
"A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty a power."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Contest, Concert, Girl Reserves, Manager of Girls' Basketball. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Girl Reserves, Basketball, Glee Club, Concert.

EDMUND PERESLUHA
"Percy"

"Where there are men, there are manners."

(1) S. A. A., Orchestra, Freshman Party Entertainment. (2) S. A. A., Orchestra, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Basketball, Football, Operetta. (3) S. A. A., Orchestra, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Boys' Quartet, Basketball, Football, Hi-Y, New Era Board. (4) S. A. A., Orchestra, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Boys' Quartet, String Quartet, Basketball, Football, Hi-Y, Class Prophet.



ARTHUR RANDALL
"Art"

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

(1) S. A. A., Class Treasurer. (2) S. A. A., Sophomore Hop Committee. (3) S. A. A., Debating, New Era Board, Hi-Y. (4) S. A. A., Debating, New Era Board, Hi-Y, Class Treasurer, Janus Board, Valedictorian.

ANGELINA RIVAL
"Angie"

"A merry heart and true."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Commercial Club, Glee Club, Concert, Girl Reserves. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Girl Reserves, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, 40-50 Typing Awards.

DOROTHEA SAUNDERS
"Cherry Pie"

"I had rather be a woman adorned with a good disposition, than with much gold."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It, Class Representative. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Vice-President, Pianist for Freshman Chorus, Glee Club, Sophomore Hop Committee. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Representative, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Pianist for Sophomore and Freshman Chorus, Junior Prom Committee. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Pianist for Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, Orchestra, Student Council, Class Secretary, Graduation Speaker, Janus Board.

MATHILDA SCHULTZ
"Franny"

"My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It Club, Glee Club, Basketball. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Glee Club. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Basketball, Girl Reserves, Commercial Club, Kodak Club, 30-word Typing Award. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Basketball, Girl Reserves, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, 40-50-Word Typing Awards, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, Freshman and Sophomore Pianist.

Mathilda Schultz

WILLIS SCRIBNER
"Wee Wee"

"Sports of all kind is my middle name."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Football. (3) S. A. A., Glee Club, Class Treasurer, Football, Baseball. (4) S. A. A., Baseball, Football, Basketball.

Willis Scribner

EVERETT SELLEW
"Ev"

"A critic; nay, a night watch constable."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Sophomore Hop Committee. (3) S. A. A., Business Manager of New Era, Junior Prom Committee, Hi-Y, Debating, Junior Marshal. (4) S. A. A., Hi-Y, Vice President of S. A. A., Business Manager of New Era, Debating, Tennis, Graduation Speaker, Cake Sale Committee, Ways and Means Committee, Representative of Debating in Student Council.

Helen Smagliotis

HELEN SMAGLIOTIS
"Lenie"

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why can't they all be contented like me?"

(2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Girl Reserves, 30-Word Typing Award. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Girl Reserves, 40-50 Word Typing Awards, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, New Era Board.

FRANK STANGLE
"Casey"

"As blithe a man as you can see."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., Football, Baseball, Basketball. (3) S. A. A., Football, Baseball, Basketball. (4) S. A. A., Football, Baseball, Basketball.

EDITH STRONG
"Edie"

"Fair maidens require no purse."

(1) S. A. A. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., Glee Club, Concert, Contest.

MARION TOMS
"Mayon"

"Books are my delight."

(1) S. A. A., As I Like It. (2) S. A. A., As I Like It, Class Representative. (3) S. A. A., A. G. E., Girl Reserves, Exchange Editor of New Era, Glee Club, Concert, Commercial Club, 40-Word Typing Award. (4) S. A. A., A. G. E., New Era Board, Girl Reserves, 50-Word Typing Award, 60-80-100 Shorthand Awards, Class President, Graduation Speaker, Editor-in-Chief of Janus, Glee Club, Concert, Contest, Nominating Committee for S. A. A., Cake Sale Committee.

VALEDICTORY

THE LONG ROAD

We are all idealists to some extent. Practically no one has so little vision that he can form no definite idea of what kind of man he should be thirty years hence. He knows perfectly well what business or profession he should be in and what position he should be occupying among the men who have chosen the same vocation. Most of us go a step farther and picture what kind of boss we would make to the men under us, what kind of lieutenant we would make to the officers above us. Would we be hard bosses who drive their men to their utmost by loud, harsh orders and the fear of heavy penalties; or would we be the sort who call their men by their first names, inquire about their families, direct them coolly, and accomplish results through their loyalty? Would we not respectfully acknowledge an order from a superior, perform the task efficiently, and report it done before the time limit set for us?

Some stop there, but many go on with the vision. When they reach the positions they have planned for, they will not forget the Lord who has aided them nor the poor who cannot rise to such high places because of their lack of opportunities. They will conduct their businesses fairly and live their private lives cleanly. They will give a certain portion of their incomes to churches, hospitals, and schools.

In another phase of their dream, they plan that if their businesses require indoor work they will not let their muscles grow soft. They will do their best to keep the glowing health which was the source of the energy that enabled them to rise to their chosen positions. They will take brisk walks every day, or they will join golf clubs. They will become members of the Y. M. C. A., or they will fit up private gymnasiums. They will go into the wilds for their vacation. They will take no servants. They will leave civilization's softening luxury behind. They will paddle their own canoes, they will fetch their own water, and they will hunt a part of their own food. They will enjoy nature, but they will not destroy it. They will kill enough fish and game to supply a portion of their food, but they will not bring back enough to provide all their friends with deer heads and mounted fish to hang over their fireplaces.

They will broaden their minds to make themselves worthy of the society of the high-minded and intelligent people whom they find occupying similarly high positions. That is part of their vision. They will travel. They may go to Europe once to view the cultural background of the race and to get acquainted with contemporary great peoples. But their main purpose will be to see America. After they have seen all the natural beauties of this country, its pleasant farms, busy cities, and sturdy people to appreciate and understand them, it wil be time for them to remain at home and sit in the sun. They will know enough about literature, art and music to understand what artists America has produced, the characteristics of their work, and how they stand in relation to the representatives of other countries. They will keep abreast of

science and politics and exert their influence to secure the advancement of good men.

Almost every one has at some time such a vision. These millions of dreams differ only in minor details. Yet only a small portion of them come true. There is a long road which leads to them, and many drop out along the way. Some men set themselves goals which their natural abilities cannot help them to reach. Some content themselves with dreaming of what they should like to be and made no continuous effort to reach their marks. Others reach the business positions they desire but lose sight of the finer parts of their visions.

The man who succeeds in becoming all he wishes to be must first estimate accurately his abilities and his preferences and build his vision upon them as the foundation. By the time he finishes high school he should have at least a general idea of what he is going to do with his future. His work in high school has shown his capabilities. If he has not chosen a definite position to work up to, he at least knows of a group of occupations which call for somewhat similar qualifications and duties. Of course he wants to rise as high as he can. His future is taking form. He now knows how much further preparation is necessary. As his understanding broadens, he listens more closely to other men's talk and observes more attentively the struggles to make good which are going on around him. At last he comes upon a possibility which makes him stop and think. He considers it and finds it within the range of his abilities. The more he examines it the better he likes it. He develops a real enthusiasm for it. He has seen his vision. He has something to guide him through the years of struggle, to narrow and strengthen his energies, to detach him from the ranks of aimless drifters and to make him a man with a purpose.

Some men determine upon offices which require far more ability than they possess to administer successfully. That is where the first men leave the best road. They may discover this and try to be content with lower positions, or they may struggle on as long as they can toward their original goals. In either case they will suffer grief and disappointment.

Some have after a fashion visions of what they would like to be, but they are doubtful of their ability to reach their goals. They do not see the end of the road as plainly as they should. They must make their way along slowly and uncertainly. The man who knows where he is headed and why has a great advantage. He puts his whole energy into the attempt to reach the mark he has set, perseveres undiscouraged by the obstacles in the path, and arrives triumphantly at the end. But the man to whom the vision is less bright in the beginning sees it less plainly as the years go on and the difficulties multiply. Eventually he completely loses sight of it and is compelled to set a lower mark to aim at. The enthusiasm of the man who sees his goal plainly enables him to leap over barriers that would stop a man uncertain of his way. The man sure of his destination can make his choice of the ways to reach his goal, can map out each step of the route he selects. He is not

forced to waste time in deciding what to do next, nor to repair damage caused by a wrong decision. After each fresh discouragement the man who gropes his way along must stop and ask himself if he did right to choose that route. But the man who sees his goal beckoning him on is perhaps prepared for that disaster, perhaps able to figure out its causes and effects. He stops only long enough to correct the fault and presses on toward the shining mark, which is now perceptibly nearer.

Some men set themselves such goals which they hope to reach some day. Yet they do not map out ways to attain those marks. The man of this type wanders blindly along the road and does not know when he makes a wrong turning. He is content to let matters take their course in the hope that some day the position he wants will come to him. He uses his vision as a sort of patent medicine cabinet. In it he finds a cure for every fit of discouragement and a shield from every complaint and sneer. Whenever he feels dissatisfied with his present condition, he cheers himself with the thought that some day he will be in a position to command the respect of everyone. Whenever he is asked why he has not gained the position he expected to have, he answers, "Just wait until my ship comes in." Some of these men realize that their youthful visions cannot be fulfilled, and they are to them only painful memories. Others continue all their lives to hope and plan fondly toward the same ends.

Many attain the business positions they have desired and may feel self-satisfied and complacent, but they have not fulfilled their youthful visions. They have won success in their businesses; but in the struggle to gain that success they have somehow lost sight of the finer parts of the visions they once saw. In the effort to make themselves into successful magnates, they have forgotten to make themselves into proper men. Perhaps their good intentions have remained, but they have felt that in trying to reach high positions in their businesses they have worked too hard to do anything but rest in their leisure hours. Perhaps they have seen ways to advance their material success that observed the letter of the law but would not have been considered by lovers of fair play. Their success in this and the faint reproaches of their consciences have led them to deride attempts to place ideals above wealth. But these men are not happy. Even if they have the homage of those persons whose respect for a man is in direct proportion to his money, they, themselves, know that they are not all they once planned to be.

The man who succeeds in fulfilling his vision must never lose sight of his goal. For, to reach it, he must keep on the straight road toward it. To gain the position he wants he must choose the jobs that offer him a chance to learn about it. He must not be turned aside by attractive salaries. To acquire the polish necessary to associate with cultured people on equal terms, he must keep constantly abreast of the world's intellectual advance. He must neither depend on what he learned in school nor wait until he has reached the position he desires before learning what he wants to know about literature, sci-

ence, art, and music. He must not allow himself to put off his reading or whatever method he takes of acquiring this knowledge. Each time he delays will make it harder; whereas, if he overcomes his reluctance, he will soon be able to find relaxation in it. He wants to reach his goal with unimpaired strength and energy. Then he must keep himself in good physical condition as he goes along. If his health is once broken he will have difficulty in building it up again so that he can pursue his way. But if he takes a few simple precautions daily he will have no trouble in that respect. He wants to gain success as a man of clean sportsmanship, of high ideals, such a man that his Maker can look upon the results of His handiwork with approval. Then he must keep his ideals constantly before him and rule his conduct in accordance with them. He must refuse opportunities to gain his desired position more quickly if accepting them means sacrificing the finer part of his vision and his manhood. He must be able to endure ridicule, to stand alone; and in the end he will be well repaid. He will be one of the few who started out who arrived successfully at the end of the road. He will be among the few who have the right to consider themselves of this world's elect.

Classmates, to-night marks our completion of four happy and profitable years in high school. We are grateful to our parents, who have made it possible, and to our teachers, who have increased its value. Here we have grown able to look upon the world with increasing understanding and to pick out our particular place in it. We have come to the beginning of the long road and have received the equipment that will support us along the way. We are sorry to leave East Hartford High, but the road is before us. From the eminences along the way we will see this school standing at the beginning, and it will always seem beautiful to us.

ARTHUR G. RANDALL.

Proudly we stand for the school of our land,
Our devotion will endure;
Tho' we must leave thee,
Never we'll grieve thee,
East Hartford High!
Honor be thine forever,
Sorrow come near thee never,
Thy great name be sure.
Here is a toast,
Thy good name let us boast,
East Hartford will never fail,
To thy great splendor,
All must surrender, Blue and White,
We will bear thy standards high;
We will let thy banners fly—
Hail to the East Hartford High!

Words and Music by E. LOUISA BUSHER.

SALUTATORY

BEAUTY AS TRUTH

Trustees of the school board, faculty, parents, and friends of the school, we, the January class of 1929, cordially welcome you to witness our last East Hartford High School activity. We also make this an occasion upon which to thank our parents and teachers for the time they have spent in aiding us to earn the written reward of a high school diploma, and the unwritten reward of broadened minds ready to better appreciate and contribute to the beauties of the world.

We started out from the beach just before sunset, and, unfortunately, missed that colorful panorama lauded by poets and artists, because of a thick forest which left to sight only a section of the vast heavens above. However, as hill succeeded hill and the trees thinned down to bushes and open fields, we reached a summit where the remnants of a previous, glorious scene furnished an almost equal splendor. The whole horizen, prominently the western part, was dyed in a deep scarlet. The outlines of distant hills, of lonely pine trees and majestic elms, of tall, stately church spires towering above massive oaks appeared more conspicuous with this crimson background. It was a silhouette of nature painted by herself; and what artist is there to excel nature?

As twilight approached and we neared the city, the border of scarlet became dull and rusty, turning to pale greenish yellow on the top and melting into a now dusky blue heaven. One faithful little star faintly glimmered in the west, the only beacon between the periods of the setting sun and rising moon. It was like a ray of hope assuring the world of a new guidance to come. In the dark valleys below various little lights flickered gaily, looking like stars fallen from the heavens and begging to be raised again.

And then the new guidance, the moon, shone forth. It became the watchful shepherd of a rapidly increasing flock of little stars, some huddled together in love of company; others remote, alone, coveting seclusion.

" 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." So said John Keats in his poem "Ode on a Grecian Urn." He found beauty in an old time-worn urn, one faithful little herald of past days, a relic of former splendor and glory in Greece.

Thus does the exquisite beauty of nature spell out the great truth. Truth of what? Why, the truth of God's love of man. And this most beautiful sight seen by man portrays that most wondrous truth known by man.

In life this declaration of Keats is least consciously recognized. Truth lends a warm rounding glow to the eye and reflects on the entire person in such a way as to compel admiration of a deeper sort. Abraham Lincoln possessed a lean, awkward figure, shaggy eyebrows, a large long nose, prominently huge ears, a thick lower lip, leathery, yellow skin, and a protruding Adam's apple; but he was really beautiful. His de-

votion to his faltering countrymen gave his eyes and mouth a winsome, compassionate expression; and his constant sorrow because of the horrible strife and warfare going on rendered him a haunted, tragic appearance, which caused all his associates to stand in awe before him and admire the beauty of the character of this man who, in all truth to his foresight of what was to be, acted against overwhelming opposition.

In the fine arts may this "truth in beauty" be readily recognized. A real poet is one who expresses his innermost feelings in his finest words. His soul is his dictator. If he fails to reveal truthfully that soul's dictation, the poetry will seem artificial, out of place. It will not contain the reality and originality that are the stamps of the best literature. Shakespeare felt within him an unsurpassed understanding of human nature and with his divine gift of poetry expressed this knowledge in his immortal dramas. Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, led a life of hardships and sorrows. Nature was his chief companion. The greatest quality of Burns's songs, of his love lyrics, of his interesting, sympathetic appeals to nature, and of his humorous verses with their underlying pathetic element is their sincerity. Carl Sandburg finds beauty in the rush and bustle of the city,—in the jostling crowds and noisy vehicles——, and he has gained his reputation for just that new and original point of view in his poems of his expression of truth as he sees it. But Carlyle said of Byron that he would never retain fame as a genuine poet, because he did not express the sincerest feelings of his soul. And Carlyle's judgment is true for all poets who fail in their sincerity.

Regard music in a different light, not as to the composers. but as to the way their pieces are played. As the church organ and choir blend together in holy praises, the congregation feel a warm deep response within their hearts. And this music is beautiful. For it is played to reveal a truth of worship and devotion. If the hymns were played in the light, frisky notes of Chopin or the wailing, heart-rending melody of Beethoven, would they be beautiful? No, they would be ruined; for they would be lies, lies. And if the compositions of Beethoven, the tale-bearers of a sorrowful, tragic life, were played as hymns or frolicksome pieces, would they be beautiful? No, for tragedy is neither devotion nor happiness. And thus would Chopin's light, gay creations lose the intended beauty if produced in any other than a light or joyous way. We love and praise music which truthfully expresses some emotion we recognize and may have experienced. We call this music beautiful, and so it is.

Some of man's most excellent beau-ideals in the arts are the paintings of Raphael, Velasquez, and Durer and the sculpturing of Michelangelo. The same inevitable reason is that they are among the sincerest and truest in their representations of life.

So, may it be seen that whether it be nature, a Grecian urn, a human personality, poetry, music, or art, if it is beautiful, it is truthful, and if truthful, beautiful.

Then should life and the world around us seem broader and fuller and more worth while. Then should pleasure in life grow in proportion to our recognition of this truth. For as Keats also remarked, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

DOROTHY GOULD.

Tune of Angela Mia

East Hartford High School,
You've been our guiding light,
For four short years we've worked for you with all our might.
East Hartford High School
We've had four pleasant years,
And tho' we part in tears,
We have to say good-bye.
You've brought us gladness,
We must confess,
And we tried, to do our best.
East Hartford High School,
We've thought a lot of you,
We hope you've liked us, too,
East Hartford High.

MARION TOMS.

Tune of Beloved

Our dear old school
With the grand old name,
East Hartford, East Hartford.
It's always been a school of fame,
East Hartford, East Hartford.
Though we now from you must part
We'll always love with all our heart
That dear old school
With the grand old name
East Hartford, East Hartford.

DOROTHY DUNHAM.

Tune: Ramona

Dear High School we're sorry that we're leaving you
Dear High School you've been so fair and fine and true
We'll miss you and need you no matter where we happen to roam.
We'll always remember whether away at school or at home.
We're sorry to leave these halls we hold so dear.
We'll love them no matter whether far or near.
We dread the day when we must say adieu to you.
Dear High School, East Hartford High.

Tune: Song of the Wanderer

Where shall we go, when we leave you tonight.
Dear old High, East Hartford High.
What shall we do after we've said good-bye
That's being said tonight.
Where can we find the friends so true and loyal
Friends we will miss when we leave your portals royal.
The time has come for us to say good-bye.
So farewell East Hartford High.

HELEN SMAGLIOTIS.

CLASS HISTORY, PART I

CLEVELAND'S COMMENTARIES IN THE SENIOR WARS

Seniors, as a whole, are divided into three parts, the mischievous students, the dumb students, and those, who in our own language are called "grinds," but in the language of Mr. Ross are called the East Hartford High School Students. These differ from each other in habits, knowledge, and privileges.

Of all these the most learned are the "grinds," first because they are attentive in class, and because the mischievous students can very rarely tempt them with those pleasures which tend to weaken interest in studies; the bravest of the Seniors are the mischievous students because they wage war with their teachers almost daily, either when they are driven from their class rooms for some misdemeanors, or when they fight for their own amusements.

The "grinds" are usually to be found in the libraries and reference rooms, where they remain for unlimited lengths of time. The dumb students are usually situated in any class room after seventh period and their stay there is bounded only by the teacher's endurance, while the mischievous students stay at that part of the classroom, which is most remote from the teacher's desk, their stay there usually extending to the end of the term.

In the fourth year of the consulships of General Ross and General Geer, the twenty-ninth legion of Freshmen came to the vicinity of the East Hartford High School. When General Ross noticed this, the twenty-ninth legion having been called together by the lieutenants, he heartily welcomed them, telling them by what methods, and in what rooms they would be instructed, and saying that the whole school was eagerly seeking their friendship.

Under the direction of Lieutenant Partch, our legion called a council for practicing war cries, which was named the Freshman Chorus. They practiced them so earnestly and voluminously, that the roof of the auditorium was made loose by their efforts, thus necessitating that a new assembly hall be constructed.

Arrayed in glittering armor, they advanced to the Freshman ball, the masculine members of our legion, forming a flank at one end of the ballroom, while the feminine members were drawn up at the opposite extremity. However, in spite of the discomfiture, of the legion, a wonderful time was had by the faculty.

On account of their ignorance of the maneuvers of dancing, which had been plainly exhibited at the Freshman Ball, Lieutenant Soby was commissioned by General Ross to inform us concerning these things.

Lieutenant Mead recruited a division of the girls of our legion, which was called the "As I Like It Club," for the purpose of instruction and entertainment.

At this time our football heroes prepared to contend in

battle with the Weaver army at the Weaver Battle Grounds. Although there was sharp fighting on both sides, our men, led on by the loud cheers of our legion, fought hard, to the end that they won the victory.

About this time, it was noticed that the Freshmen were not taking as keen an interest in school affairs as formerly. When General Ross questioned them, he found this to be the cause, that Lieutenant Moore had given them reports, warning them to beware the Ides of March, and that it was not probable that they would be promoted in rank on that day, unless they worked very hard.

On the Kalends of June classes having been ended, and after they had been examined as to their knowledge of various subjects, General Ross dismissed the legions to summer quarters. At this time, several members of our legion were lowered in rank.

ELSIE CLEVELAND.

PART II

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY

A ban of nomads started into the Dark Ages on the 26th of January, 1926. Many of their members had been lost on the way from Freshman Land to the Land of the "Wise Fool." In the land of the Wise Fool they looked about for a place of residence. They finally took possession of several rooms of the famous East Hartford High School. Shortly after they got there, Chief Ross called a meeting. This meeting was held in the main camp located on the west portion of the camp site. Tribal government was explained and they learned that a similar meeting would be held on the fourth day in every week. They were also urged to keep their reputation unblemished, their honor unstained, and sports undiminished. They loudly pledged themselves to do all this.

Some members of the tribe became interested in science, so one of their older members volunteered to help them in their research work. Under the worthy Geer and Hastings they progressed and soon began to make experiments. They tested fat, and cut up worms and made many other experiments. One of the big conquests of this age was the capture of Captain DeWolf and his followers from far away India. Every night DeWolf was forced to tell some of his experiences in India and his journey to this land. The people there worship spirits and idols and therefore are much below the people of this tribe. But the people of this tribe liked to broaden their knowledge. Some worthy members learned to keep accounts under the more worthy McGrath. There was a great need for these money-changers and a need, too, for scribes, who flourished under Larrabee and Shattuck, to write down the tribal history.

Although during the day they had plenty to do they did not neglect their sports and war dances. The largest dance of the age was the Sophomore Hop when all members of the tribe met and had a grand and glorious time.

And so the tribe progressed through the medieval ages. Their advance now was more rapid. One group of the tribe had another subject added to their list—history—times were

better. The people had to learn what happened in the by-gone ages in order to improve. During the Medieval Ages there was much extra work, the Glee Clubs, concerts and the big contest where each member tried to sing or shout louder than his neighbor. Then there was the A. G. E. for a select group of the girls and the Hi-Y for the boys of the clan.

In the 20th century the tribe began to read and write a little. The first really important written report was completed on November 15, 1928. The warriors finally solved this complex report and found out how much they had progressed. People began to realize that they must work harder, and so they did. Chief-money-changer Randall said that the Clan was on the verge of a panic and so Head-of-the-Clan Toms called a council. The warriors voted to tax each member. This would settle the panic and soothe the nerves of Worthy Toms and Randall.

But there was a very serious war between the first, second, and third clans and the worthy lieutenant chiefs. The old and wise clan, the Seniors, were neutral. Major Toms would issue no declaration of war and so neutral the clan was and neutral they remained.

On the 28th of November Chief Ross issued a solemn decree stating that from the 29th of November to December 3 there would be a legal holiday. The warriors clapped and shouted and declared that they truly loved their noble chief.

In December they again broke camp, but for two weeks instead of three days. When they again set up camp it was near the end of the age. Reports were completed and preparations for the final festival were made and so here we are to-night.

ELEANOR MAY ATWOOD.

Tune: "Oh! Come and Shout for Dear East Hartford

Oh! know ye that our graduation
Is the best East Hartford had;
And though we're proud and mighty seniors,
Just to think it, makes us sad and hap-py.
Thoughts of days without you,
Oh! we hate to leave your sight;
Farewell! Farewell! East Hartford,
For we go from you to-night.

Tune: Oh! Sweet Mystery of Life

Oh! at last East Hartford High we make to leave you;
May we find such happiness as we spent here;
In the years that come our mem'ries bright and cheerful,
We will turn back our thoughts to you, a school so dear.
For you were our joy, our love in days as freshmen
And our pride and pep alone were gifts from you;
May we hold the gifts that you so proudly gave us,
For it is now goodbye to you, old high;
For you were our joy, our love in days as freshmen
And our pride and pep alone were gifts from you;
May we hold the gifts that you so proudly gave us,
For it is now goodbye to you, old high.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

CLASS PROPHECY

Class prophets in the past have managed to make their prophecies by diverse means: some have been endowed with the power of foresight; some have visited persons vested with such powers; some have consulted books; some oracles; others crystals; but I have strayed from the beaten road to a path practically untrodden, which leads to an almost impenetrable forest. I have used the fourth dimension! I see that you do not understand—let me explain. It's deep stuff, so listen closely.

The ordinary person has a three dimensional mind; that is, his brain is acquainted, by constant usage, with but three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth. Scientists are endeavoring to prove that there is still another dimension—the fourth. I have worked on this theory for some time and after much thought and study, have reached a conclusion, but my decision is of such a radical aspect that it is difficult to accept. I have decided that the fourth dimension is not a physical one; it is psychic. To prove this I have worked out an example.

I am placed in an air-tight metal box. All the openings are closed—apparently. But to me there is still another opening, one which would not be perceived by a person of the three dimensional capacities, admitting, of course, that I am thoroughly acquainted with the fourth dimension. As I stated before, this new dimension cannot be physical; therefore, as all the physical dimensions—length, breadth and depth have been closed it is psychic; the psychic power lies in the soul and by means of my soul I can leave that box! You must understand that by the word "I" I mean not my bodily being but my real self—my spiritual self. In other words I force my soul, which can pass through anything physical, out of my body. To me it is no difficult task. It is as easy for me as it would be for you to rise from an open box, because I have trained my mind to an additional dimension, the fourth.

It's pretty hard to understand. Half of you don't get me yet. At any rate, bear in mind that "I" can at will leave my body and travel into space—a space in which time is no obstacle. I can travel far into the future for the past—I have uncovered a power which has lain dormant for centuries!

Last night I deigned to travel into this little world of ours at a time ten years hence. The times had changed. What I saw astounded me. East Hartford was no longer a town of fourteen thousand live people; it was a bustling metropolis with its private and public air ports, its subways, photo radio broadcasts, mechanical traffic cops—everything which pertains to an up-to-date city. The farmer burroughs of Glastonbury, Hockanum, Burnside and South Windsor had developed into noisy young cities. "I" that is, my psychic self, found that my classmates as a whole had chosen to remain close to their dear Alma Mater and had drifted into the different paths of life which called them. Tonight I will relate to you how I saw them.

I first encountered Frederick McGehan. He was still the same wrecker of old and drove a sightseeing bus through East Hartford's historic spots.

Marion Toms had become an energetic political leader. She was still single.

Edith Strong, shy and demure, had become a star in East Hartford's foremost burlesque.

I remembered John May's life-long ambition and made a search of the big league ball clubs. I discovered him in the act of taking a lusty swing for a third strike.

Annette Gagliardi had won the hearts of her dear public as a gay photo-radio artist.

Recollecting that my class had several talented musicians I journeyed to the magnificent opera house—the Plaza. There I found a far famed trio with Dorothea Saunders at the piano, Dorothy Dunham at the cello and Frank Gioeilli completing the "discordant three."

Mathilda Schultz had married a prominent sausage manufacturer. Her husband declares in his autobiography—"To my dear wife I owe my success."

Roger Dubiel, by dint of hard and conscientious work had been granted a managerial position in the A. & P.

I was surprised to find Doris Hall a physical culture expert. She gave mail order instructions in body building.

Elizabeth Busher had also married and spent her time entertaining Burnside's social elite in her palatial, modernistic residence.

Dorothy Bantle had created no little sensation in art with her futuristic art. It certainly was futuristic!

Arthur Randall had accepted forestry as a vocation but his ayes (A's) called him and he had become speaker in the state legislature.

I found Anna Fody a hustling office clerk and to all indications was aiming towards spinsterhood.

"Wee" Willis Scribner had become an insurance agent. He hadn't made his millions as yet but he was still hoping.

In the ranks of the Salvation Army I discovered Dorothy Gould and Florence Moulton. Dotty played the trumpet while Florence vocalized the hymns.

Everett Sellew had finally decided on engineering and was working on the plans of the meadow dikes.

I was forced to search distant China for Helen Smagliotis. Smag was converting the heathen.

Helen Lane had accepted the age-old adage that two can live as cheaply as one and was heroically trying to prove it.

Two of my classmates I found had turned to literature. Eleanor Atwood was living on the royalties from her book—"Love—What Is It?" Arthur Martin had been taken by the futuristic craze and had composed a poetry which was the literary sensation of the age.

Angelina Rival had devoted her life to raising Uncle Sam's kiddies. She was superintendent of Hockanum's vast orphan asylum.

Phillip Burnham had become a prosperous tobacco grower. Phil was in the midst of the stripping season when I saw him.

Edith Clark and Dorothy Nielsen had become famous as flying trapeze artists.

I was shocked to see Norman Baldwin, the little cuss, as an animal trainer, he specialized in snakes.

Ruth Sellew had become a conductor—or conductoress, on the subway. The sudden increase in business was attributed to her charm and more girls were employed.

Elford Jarman palpitated the hearts of the women as a screen star—as a matinee idol he had no equal.

I discovered Frank Stangle in Europe. He was studying for the operatic stage and his bass, as we all remember, was sublime.

But Elsie Cleveland gave me the real shock—she was a dashing, daring aviatrix, had become!

As for myself, I hate to say. I was in a padded cell as a result of my book on the "Fourth Dimension."

But when you turn the pages of your class book some ten years hence you will realize how correctly I have prophesied and that fourth dimension isn't the bunk you now think it is!

I thank you.

EDMUND PERESLUHA.

Tune: There'll Never Be Another You

East Hartford High, goodbye to you,
There never was a school like you,
The days with you were happy
Yet now we're going to go from you;
No matter what the years may do
Our thoughts will always be with you,
Our hearts do ever cry to us anew,
East Hartford High, goodbye to you.

Tune: Get Out and Get Under the Moon

Here we are all right, happy and bright
Though we're leaving High to-night;
We say our goodbyes, pack up our sighs
And set out to make a good fight;
In the High school year, that we spent here
All the days and months were right
Yet—we say our goodbyes, pack up our sighs
And set out to make a good fight;
Class-Mates, Look at those freshmen strut,
Class-Mates, Look at those juniors—but
Oh—Time, Give us our old class night—we mean it,
Here we are all right, happy and bright
Though we're leaving high to-night;
We say our goodbyes, pack up our sighs
And set out to make a good fight.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1929

Be it known to all persons that we, the Class of 1929, of the town of East Hartford, in the County of Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, and of the East Hartford High School, being of lawful age, of sound and disposing mind, memory and judgment, and under no improper influence or restraint, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills or codicils, heretofore made by us at any time.

First, to the dear old East Hartford High School, we bequeath our love, and our sincere wish for its continued success.

Second, to the faculty, we bequeath our gratitude for the time and effort they have put forth to cultivate us.

To the Class of 1930: We bequeath our position on the stage, with all its dignity and responsibilities.

To the Class of 1931: We bequeath the new gym with the assurance of 100% attendance at all basketball games.

To the Class of 1933: We bequeath all new improvements to be made next year: The "Learn How to Fly" school, the Waldorf Restaurant to be installed in the basement, and the "Roller Skating Club."

To the Commercial students succeeding us: We bequeath a clock to the Typewriting room.

Furthermore we bequeath:

To Alice Slye, Dorothea Saunders's new Wurlitzer organ. The pipes are missing, but we refer her to the Street Department for the absent parts.

To Margaret Olmsted, Everett Sellew's questionnaire, guaranteed to provide questions for every occasion.

To Lucy Chamberlain, Marion Tom's ability to write bloodthirsty, hair-raising, ghost stories; also her latest book, "The Clutching Claw."

To Emma Huhtala, Eleanor Atwood's daily leave of absence to preside over the "sweets."

To Carl Richardson, Frank Stangle's curling iron.

To John Clifford, Edmund Peresluha's boy soprano voice; also a box of "Peresluha's Cough-Drops For All Vocalists."

To Edward Zimmerman, Helen Smagliotis's position as typist on the New Era Board; also a microscope to assist him in translating some of the writing sent into him.

To Mabel Tierney, Louisa Busher's column in the East Hartford Gazette, entitled, "Advice to the Lovelorn."

To Beatrice Geer, Dorothy Bantle's irresistible smile. It has tided her over every rough spot during these four years.

To Francis Paquette, Willis Scribner's new patented football, which is guaranteed not to hurt the big toe.

To Ralph Dixon, Norman Baldwin's book of essays, entitled, "How to Know Something About Everything."

To Irene Gorman, Florence Moulton's "wind-blown." Also her pamphlet on, "How to Keep Warm Though Wind-Blown."

To Francis Mather, Angeline Rival's dimple, so well-known to all acquainted with her.

To Billy James, a copy of the old, old song, "Hark, Hark, the Lark." Mathilda Shultz includes it in her repertoire.

To Russell Sheley, Edith Clark's breath control when arguing about everything in general.

To Lura Clinton, Doris Hall's belief that "to laugh is to be loved."

To Abie Glassman, Frank Gioielli's famous dancing shoes, which will assist him in dancing the light fantastic at Mr. Soby's weekly class.

To Milo Mather, Arthur Martin's poetic soul, which may inspire him to heartfelt outpourings on his drum.

To Julie Smith, Elsie Cleveland's autobiography, explaining why she loves life so well.

To Bailey-Gates, a new invention for learning history. A handle on the back of the history book is turned, and "presto" all the history in the world is assimilated. Roger Dubiel invented it.

To Raymond Sexton, a set of false teeth which Jack May kept in reserve in case he lost his on the mighty gridiron.

To Jack Mason, Dorothy Neilson's tombstone, on which is inscribed, "I Died in the Cause of Red Hair!"

To Margaret Lawton, a ticket to the Gagliardi Theatre, where the inimitable Anna is starred in, "A Blasted Romance."

To Lester Syphers, Philip Burnham's tall, manly figure, to assist him in shaking hands with Lindberg when he meets him.

To Chester Newman, Arthur Randall's big fat juicy "A's."

To Helen Brown, Helen Lane's quiet ways and her motto, "I say so little and yet see so much."

To Harry Palmer, a new horn called the 'Saxipiccola." Elford Jarman invented it.

To Frances Tremont, Dorothy Gould's title of, "The Girl with the Golden Voice."

To Miriam Seedman, Anna Fody's sweet disposition, which is "What Every Woman Wants."

To any young lass of the High School, Edith Strong's personality, plus.

To all football aspirants of the High School, Frederick McGehan's advice that being a football player is the **hardest** thing on **earth.**

We appoint Mr. Barnard Ross sole executor of this document and in testimony whereof, we, the testators, hereunto set our hand and affix our seal at East Hartford, Connecticut, on this Tenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

Signed, sealed and published and declared by the above named Class of 1929, as and for our Last Will and Testament.

((Signed) The Class of 1929,

DOROTHY LOUISE DUNHAM.

Tune: Aloha Oe

I.

When our High School days are at an end,
We'll miss each dear East Hartford friend.
And while we are sailing o'er Life's sea
We shall cast our anchor here quite frequently.

Chorus

Our Alma Mater, fare thee well
Our lessons learned from you with joy we'll tell.
And though we'll travel o'er our separate ways,
We'll always love our High School days.

Tune: The Bonnie Blue Bells of Scotland

1.

Say, do you remember our good old Freshman year
When we were beginners within these walls so dear?
We learned our Math and Latin, and read of Punic Wars
But we weren't satisfied until we were Sophomores.

2.

To schoolwork we thought there would never be a stop
But soon there was our Chorus and then the Sophomore "Hop."
We had good times together in winter, spring or fall.
Oh! how happy we were when our class were Juniors all.

3.

As Juniors we realized we had but two years more.
First came the Junior "Prom," then good times by the score.
As some went in for Glee Club and others out for Sports,
We concluded that High School life has joys of many sorts.

4.

And now that we all make a class of Seniors grand,
We feel quite learned but our thoughts we must expand.
So be it home or college, we'll find it always pays
To keep with us the lessons learned in our High School days.

DOROTHEA SAUNDERS.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS

We are about to leave our Alma Mater. It has been almost a mother to us. We are orphans now and shall have to go our own way alone. It will be cold and we shall have many hard hills to climb. We shall have to climb though the rocks be rugged. The Aid Society, representing our friends, has taken pity upon us and sent a Missionary barrel with gifts to make our path sunny and more pleasant to climb. They have intrusted to me the distribution of the gifts. I hope you will all receive them with the same good spirit with which they are being presented. I will proceed to open the barrel and see what it has to offer.

To Doris Hall—It is embarrassing when one wants to hear you and can't, so I present you with this megaphone.

To Dorothy Neilson—I have here a W. C. D. D. record. A few minutes morning, noon and night is guaranteed to reduce any one of less than 200 pounds to a splendid nymph. But don't lose your good nature at the same time.

To Arthur Randall—Here is a small pine tree. This will start your nursery when you get out of Yale. Take care of the tree while you are at college and in due time it will be well-grown.

To Everett Sellew—I heard the other day in a conversation that you liked to write letters to a certain person. This box of writing paper will keep you supplied for a short time while you are at college.

To Arthur Martin—As you are our poet laureate we present you this evergreen wreath with the inscription of '29.

To Frank Stangle—You are always having trouble with those curls. We give you this bottle of Stacomb to keep your hair neat and still wavy.

To Norman Baldwin—You have shown that you are a good debater. So here is a Hand Book on the subject. We know your college will never lose a debate with such a worthy member.

Annette Gagliardi—Here's to our happy girl, a harmonica to keep up her merry tune through life.

To Angeline Rival—Your hair is so fair I am sure we should all be disappointed if it turned dark. Here is a bottle of Blondex to keep it light.

To Mathilda Schultz—You are always dancing around, so I have decided that the only thing for you is a stage upon which to start your career.

To P. S. Burnham—With initials exactly like those of P. S. Barnes we are sure you ought to become a worthy superintendent of schools. Here is a book entitled 'My Life as a Superintendent," by P. S. Barnes. Read it through and we shall undoubtedly see you realize your ambition.

To Willis Scribner—You have done a great deal for your school as well as added an honor to our class. We present you with this football charm, and I take this opportunity to congratulate you in behalf of the class of 1929F for your splendid work.

To Helen Smagliotis—Here's to our particular girl. We give you this perfect man since none but a perfect one will satisfy.

To Frederick McGehan—You have made a great success of our "Janus" board. Here is paper for your first book, "How to Be a Successful Business Manager."

To Dorothy Gould—We hear you are on your way to Kentucky University. We all wish you success. We hope you will stand as high in scholarship at college as you have here. Good luck!

To Dorothy Dunham—Often we see you carrying that large musical instrument about. Here is a duplicate only about one hundred times smaller. I feel sure it will be easier to carry.

To Dorothea Saunders—We feel sure that music will be your future pastime. Here is a baton to lead your orchestra. You will probably be broadcasting in a few months from WTIC.

To Eleanor Atwood—We give you this memorandum book in which to keep notes of the topics on which you are going to speak.

To Helen Lane—We all agree that true friendships are very rare. Here is a bouquet of everlasting flowers to symbolize true friendship.

To Dorothy Bantle—We realize how much you will be handicapped by any rules for no talking during working hours. So we find this typewriter. You can write your thoughts and keep them until you are in a place where you may use them.

To Roger Dubiel—You are always so neat that we have obtained for you this pass to any laundry. We are sure all the girls will appreciate your neatness.

To Anna Fody—Here is a joke book. The slogan is "Laugh and Grow Fat." We hope this will do some good.

To John May—I heard the other day that you were late for a date, or that you forgot it, I am not sure which. You may have this diary to keep track of your dates. Don't hurt any poor girl's feelings again as there won't be any excuses accepted.

To Edith Strong—We give you this wallet. We hope you will always be able to keep it filled.

To Elsie Cleveland—You always have an armful of books. We give you this brief case to help you carry them.

To Edith Clark—Here's to our short girl a tonic to make her grow us. When you get as tall as Philip Burnham I do hope you will stop growing.

To Elford Jarman—At times you seem very bashful. We realize it is a good thing to be reserved. Yet in business, one needs to be cheerful. Here is a bottle of sure cure for "Shyness."

To Edmund Peresluha—We hate to hear about your missing the last car every night for a certain place on South Main Street. So we give you this little roadster.

To Frank Gioielli—Here we find our future Music Master. We give you this violin.

To Florence Moulton—The latest thing in a permanent wave is the swirl. Here are the implements so you can make it yourself. You won't have to spend any more money, as water is free.

To Marion Toms—Last but not least. We find a four-leaf clover. I present you with this, as our president to keep for the class, so that all its members may have the best of luck wherever they go.

Classmates—I have tried to give gifts which will satisfy all. Keep these gifts and when you are looking among your souvenirs think back about the good times you had while in East Hartford High School.

E. LOUISA BUSHER.

Kal-a-ma-zoo, Kal-a-ma-zoo,
When you're sneezing you say ker-choo,
When it's over you say that's fine,
And that sure rhymes with twenty-nine.

Chorus

Who are we—who can we be
Advance and give the sign
Rah! Rah! Bah! Bah!
We're the twenty-nines.
Twenty-six and seven
Twenty-eight and now
What comes after that one—
'Tis twenty-nine and how.
Can you tell us by our yell
Advance and give the sign
It's Rah! Rah! Bah! Bah!
We're the twenty-nines.

2. Kang-a-ga-roo, Kang-a-ga-roo,
If that hopper but wore a shoe,
And he kicked you far down the line,
Why you wouldn't land till twenty-nine.
3. Hump-i-ty sat on the school wall,
Hump-i-ty slipped and took a big fall,
Omelettes tasted mighty fine,
Oh, yes, they were fried in twenty-nine.
4. Rub-a-dub-dub, Rub-a-dub-dub,
This class set sail in a leaky tub,
This tub sank in the salty brine,
So they had a bath in twenty-nine.
5. Rick-ety Coo, Rick-e-ty Coo,
Please be careful of what you do,
Can't you hear it way down the line,
The battle cry of the twenty-nine.
6. Father he chased his son from bed,
And says get up you sleepy head,
Grab your books and get in the line,
And please graduate in twenty-nine.

Music and Words by ARTHUR MARTIN.

CLASS POEM—The Awakening

The rosy Dawn, clad in her robes of gray
Stole softly in Life's garden, then she bent,
And slowly prest her gentle, dewy lips
Against a lovely youth bud, there. Straightway,
The flower blushed. Aurora sweetly smiled,
Upon the timid blossom, deftly spread
The dainty, pinkish petals out, and showed
A golden heart. Upon her lacy wings,
The morning bore away the youth bud's doubt,
And fear. A happy robin blithely sang,
And joy came to the golden heart. The sun
Sent down his warm and glowing rays, and love
Shone in the flower. A white-robed Angel came,
And spied it there. He pulled it from the ground,
And brought it up to heaven. The Lord smiled;
He blest the simple flower, and sent it back
To earth; evermore a light shines from it,
Spreading its golden beams of hope and joy
Throughout the weary world. Wherever sadness is,
And darkness hovers, the precious light of youth
Shines in, uplifts, and heals the bruised hearts.
It is the flower of youth; ye who have this
Gift of God, cherish it, and guard it well,
Lest ye wound the golden heart, which gently
Covered by the flower's graceful petals,
Bears God's own promises of joy and restful peace.
The sin-tried, saddened world shall weep no more,
When blooms at last the perfect flower of youth.

ELISE CLEVELAND.

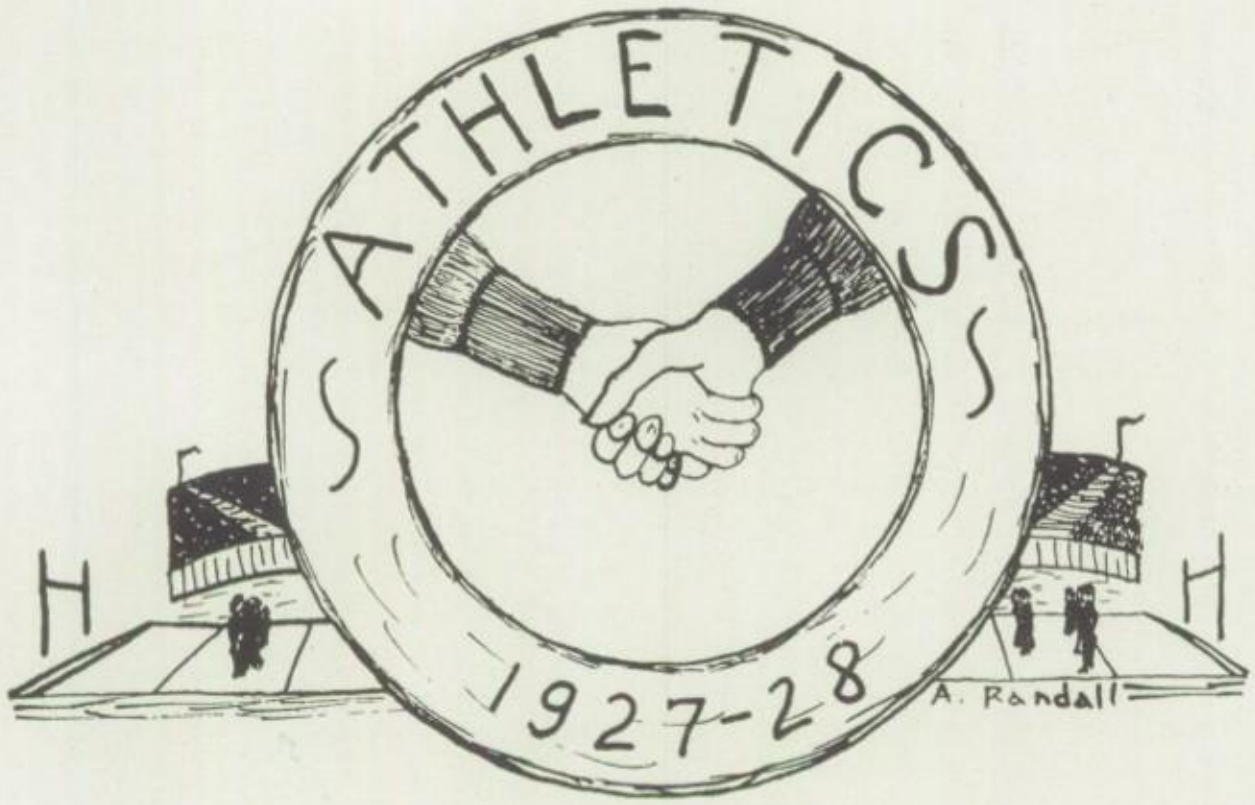
Tune: A Capital Ship

A perfect class that will from you pass, i s the Seniors of twenty-nine.
I have a hunch we're quite a bunch, for we all are mighty fine.
We're jolly good sports in games of all sorts, and we do our studying too.
But class-mates, don't be sad, Please be very glad that we are an honor to you.

Chorus

Then go, ye Seniors, go!
A standard we will show.
'Twill bring great fame to our school's name,
Which we'll be proud to know.
We are leaving school this night
To win the glorious fight.
Now 'tis time to tell
Our High School farewell,
As forward now we go.

ELISE CLEVELAND.



BASKETBALL 1927-28

East Hartford got away to a weak start in the 1927-8 basketball season, losing to Rockville and Bulkeley. Then the team found its stride, defeating Loomis, West Hartford and Kingswood in succession. This winning streak was broken temporarily by Bristol by a score of 30 to 8. East Hartford atoned for its early defeat by Rockville by crushing that team 55 to 24. The two games with Meriden were split, each team taking one. One of the most satisfactory triumphs of the season was Weaver's defeat by 29 to 25.

Basketball men were Captain G. Stangle, Ganley, F. Stangle, Wilson, Truex, Powell, Mason, Hickey, Thayer, May and Manager Bachl.

BASEBALL 1928

Of its league games, two with each school, the baseball team won six and lost four games. Meriden and Bristol were beaten badly twice. Manchester and Middletown each won one of their games. West Hartford had the only team able to defeat East Hartford twice.

Two games were also played with Rockville and Weaver. Rockville losing both its games and Weaver one. Of the season's games East Hartford won nine and lost five.

Letter men were Captain Truex, Stangle, Scribner, Martin, May, Jones, Turney, Lynch, Plefka, Mason, Flaherty, Hall, Kramer, Andle, Hiskey, Schmidt, Nicholson and Powell. Thayer and Pelton managed the team.

TENNIS 1928

East Hartford's first tennis team played two games with each school in the League except Meriden. Bristol and Manchester were beaten twice. The games with Middletown were divided. West Hartford was tied once and defeated once. A game was lost to Weaver. It was a very successful season for a new sport.

Olmsted, H. Ballard, M. Ballard, Sellew and Bjorklund were the players.

FOOTBALL 1928

East Hartford's 1928 football team started at the bottom, losing its first three games to Bulkeley of New London, Manchester and Bristol. Then suddenly it rose to brilliant heights by defeating Meriden, the League leader, by a score of 20 to 2. In the next game the team was a little weaker, winning 2 to 0 over Middletown. Then, although fighting gallantly, the boys were forced down, losing to Bulkeley of Hartford and to West Hartford. However, the end of the season found them doing better. After a hard-fought game Weaver was defeated 7 to 6.

Football men were Captain Mason, F. Plefka, A. Plefka, McGill, Callahan, Condron, May, Paquette, Sexton, Scribner, Willard, Scott, Ellis, Manager Stangle and his assistants, Gavis and Smith.

BASEBALL TEAM

JOKES

"I graduate in June."

"Allow me to congratulate the school."

Edith Clark: "I've cut myself, and I'm bleeding to death!"

Norman Baldwin: "Is there any way I can help you?"

Doctor: "When you take your wife's temperature she must place the thermometer under her tongue and keep her mouth closed for two minutes."

Mr. Jones: "Haven't you one that takes half an hour?"

"Have you ever seen a prize-fight?"

"No, I've never seen a prize-fight, but I have looked in on a women's afternoon bridge party."

A very attractive spinster was once asked why she did not marry.

This was her answer: "I do not need to. I have a monkey that chews, a parrot that swears, and a cat that stays out nights."

At a certain Sunday school the children drop their pennies into a bank instead of into the customary basket.

It was Marion Tom's first Sunday, and after dropping in her penny she stood expectantly until urged on by the patient teacer, when she protested.

"Stop, stop, my gum hasn't come out yet!"

One rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "That's a queer name for my pants."

Druggist: "Yes, Miss, you'll find that most ladies like this lipstick."

Louisa Busher: "You couldn't—er—tell me the kind the men like, could you?"

Judge: "Are you married?"

Johnson: "Ya'as."

Judge: "Who did you marry?"

Johnson: "A vooman."

Judge: "Well, did you ever hear of anyone that didn't marry a woman?"

Johnson: "Ya'as."

Judge: "Who?"

Johnson: "Mine seester."

Mr. Slye: "How is it? I find you kissing my daughter. How is it?"

Everett Sellew: "Fine, sir, fine."

Wife: "I see that my husband has dried the dishes."

Visitor: "How do you know?"

Wife: "They are still wet."

"Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?"

"No; it is just the perfume she uses."

Mr. Geer: "Name three articles containing starch."

Roger Dubiel: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Dorothy Dunham: "If you tell a man anything, it goes in one ear and out of the other."

Steve Gorski: "If you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth."

Grandma: "When I was young the girls never thought of doing the things they do today."

Eleanor Atwood: "Well, that's why they didn't do them."

"Here's something queer," said the dentist, who had been drilling and drilling into a tooth. "You said this tooth had never been filled, and I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill."

"I knew it," moaned Frederick McGehan. "You've struck my back collar button."

V. Kramer: "Every time I kiss you, it makes me a better man."

D. Hall: "Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one night."

"Richardson," said Mr. Geer, in a physiology class, "Can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

"Yes, Sir," said R. "My aunt gained fifty pounds in a year, and her skin never cracked."

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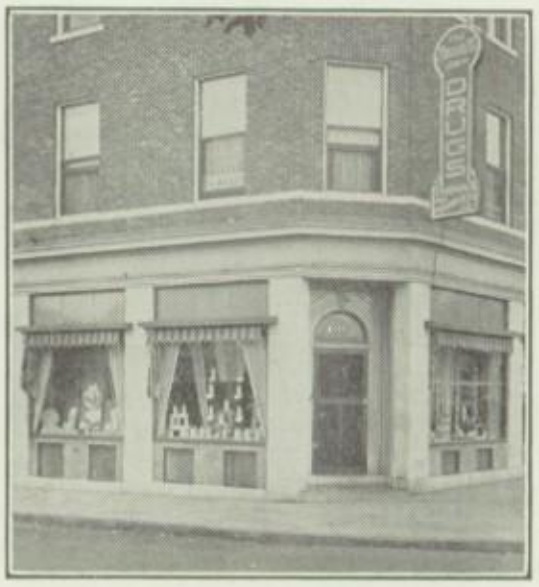

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